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1.

We can't let it happen
just like this the slip
flutters to the ground
wind takes it we'll never
know the word it said
her phone number the key.
*Everything you need
is already in your hands.*

2.

To take hold
of what you hold
to have what you have
and use it
to make use
the relationship
the answer the garden.

3.

We fuss about the backside of the Moon
but it's the Sun's behind we need to know
her dark duality the cleft abyss

from which all that we call light comes fleeing.
Is it not a flaming ball of hydrogen and helium?
Is it not a woman facing us
shouting at us something we can barely see?

4.

So it's in our eyes too.
Wild geese at morning
or yesterday's white-pinioned
hawk over hope's
green lawn orderly fading.

5.

Having what you need
is halfway between bible and pornography.
It's all right here. Have.
You have. Hover.
Pounce on the prayer.
Say it with your skin.
Go to the bank and
explain it all away.

6.

In Harlem the hydrants were open
that summer. Trickle down
economics. We work for the state
that exists to protect the rich from us.

How did it come to be?

We were frightened and they comforted
they tend to leave us alone when they don't need us
they explain to us that we are free.

7.

And after the disaster
a glass of water.

8.

You forget her number
but call her anyhow

stand on the hilltop
and cry her name

she'll hear you
somehow, or if her

name too blew away
call out the name

of the goddess or god
who inhabits her

and if you don't know
any gods at all you

poor son of a bitch
shout anything at all

the air won't hear you
but the hill will understand.

9.

Or take another slip of paper
and be Wittgenstein again.

Whatever we say
fits on the smallest slip.

Write down the first thing
that comes into your head.

It's not really your head
where you hear it, it's habit,

it's mind but never mind,
just write it down

and let it go, to fall
and blow away to where

the other one is waiting
still, the lost word.

Listen, they all are.

10.

There's enough light in the pen
to know right from wrong by.

It says something about the sun
you can hardly see.
Something about getting behind the obvious
and still make love to the world.

11.

Nothing is permitted
everything can be done.
You stand beside some other
and ask Are you mine
my other own? The other
reminds you of you.
Sometimes they answer.

12.

But it's not so simple as to know.
There is not much to be known.

Our hands are always empty
and that's the tool, the secret method, the success.

Empty hands hold everything.
And then think: there is no number

you can conceive of
that keeps you from touching his hand.

23 October 2011

= = = = =

Coming near and coming again
and all human fear is a kind of wool
that protects us from something else,
rough wool from an unknown animal
you never knew we could put on.
And the flowers of our mountains
seem to have blossomed for you
then faded when you didn't do
something that makes things never change.
And no one did either, or could—
but I still blame you, only you
because morning noon and night
you sneer at me from the mirror.

23 October 2011

= = = = =

Walking the angel
back home
mine not hers

I think they need us
for our skin
touch, the terrifying

amazement of being
able to touch
one another.

Two angels have
nothing they can touch.
Only us.

We are properties, affect,
Aristotle, symphony,
slap your cheek, geography,

we are land and river
oceans and mountains.
They are maps.

24 October 2011

= = = = =

Everything harder than yesterday.

I see the whole thing now

the porter and the revelers

bringers of bad news

the Dutchman rued the day

the pastor rewed his wife of long ago

we belong to our children

the winter after the Rock Face fell

dfor I am north of any you

and old Hiems shivers in my ventricles.

Be part of me with a difference

lip-wrestle me till breath gives out

and I'll be your Athenian

your pink sweet long ago.

Batn means belly means within

the secret doctrine on the fleshy side

the East-O-Teric where the coffee's weak

come back as Spiderman and bind my wheat.

24 October 2011

= = = = =

The small world of the sentence
inside the big world of language
slays me. The Pequod, smashed,
sinks. Nothing is left of the leaves
but the tree. Only the oaks
wear the summer shadows, nervous,
rattle as you pass. You don't pass.
I haven't set eyes on you in years.
What can we do? Learn another language,
translate one more epic. Thinking of you
I find an arrowhead on Cruger's Island.
I think of the deer's flank from which it felled.
Or it missed. I think of animal grace
and have not much of my own. Even with big
feet a man falls down. I think of missing you
and wonder about that expression—French says
you are lacking to me, it's your fault.
But we get all sentimental, I blame myself
for the emotion when you're gone. I yearn
to say Your furlough's over, come back
where you belong, we have a secret war
we're waging, I need your help
to get from the sentence to the world.

25 October 2011

= = = = =

But you aren't the you I was talking to.
And there were leaves on most of the trees.
And the burning bush is beginning to blaze.
It's not all wrong. It's not all you.
This planet ('of ours' they say) still
seems a strange place to me,
a tourist destination where we got stuck.
Or I did. Is there an exit visa?
But where did I come from? Exile from where?
It really is your fault, you like it here.
bare toes in mud, skiing, having children,
riding horses through the surf of innocent seas.
It is beautiful here, true. Apart from the fear.

25 October 2011

= = = = =

In some ways a street
or else a bat through the
you know window
a body with its own needs
a pale disaster—
could it be the sound
of her voice that turned
suddenly into matter,
ordinary matter like steel
or cellophane? Remember
when we were no one?

26 October 2011

= = = = =

We were the thought of snow
on a summer day, a door
unknocked on, knob
uncaressed. We were sad
and didn't know it. Better off
but didn't know that either.
Eggs are smoother than hens—
so also with relationships,
at their best just before they begin.
Or so I felt as I held
your hand that night then let it go.

26 October 2011

BEARING

Amorous fables, that's all.
Swineherd's memories, milk
on the table, hairs on the pillow.
The unflushed toilet. Mahler
still playing. Deliver me
from this body of body. A page
from an old book became
your castle. Needs various,
hopes few. A lion,
passant, proper. And so soon.

26 October 2011

= = = = =

Let me have this last
night with the cathedral
its candles snuffed for me
the cold dark nave
remembers monotheism
for me. And aspiration
bravery loneliness—all
the things I'm too busy to feel.
No one knows what a man really
means—and that's some comfort.
But stone knows, and dark
architecture and gravity,
gravity. They know everything.

26 October 2011

TO SAY THE FACE

1.

There are dark kinds of numbers
 count the petals of no rose doesn't exhaust
 the who of two the few
 hands on her cheeks winter
 no business but to give to take
 pain away tenderness of grown men
 don't trail off wit but no humor
 a crow feather caught in your hair
 and it's your face the map they gave.

2.

Or by going interrupt linear guesswork
 of the emotional dimension mood-brane
 running athwart the substrate of the actual
turn off the alien dimension wake free.

3.

Size is most the carapace of thought
 cortisone injected will differ the sea
 enabling the smallest fish agreeable Kantian
 we have had so much to say about saying
 need distraction from distraction philosophers

endanger republics setting the wisest
into terrorist sleep proving is wounding
the groove of noon tired of counting
welcome hats the oaks on our shoulder
measure caress forgive.

27 October 2011

ORACLE

There is a place on the body where the truth comes out. It looks, when you find it, like one side or aspect of a smaller ribcage. Or like the fingers and knucklebones of a small hand just beneath the skin. When you ask it a question, the ribs (or finger bones) seem to flutter and rearrange—some pressing up, out, against the skin as if they tried to break through and touch you, others drifting down out of sight. From the array that results when they settle down, you try to read the answer to your query. No more quandary. You know what to do.

Once when I was staring at the oracle place, I noticed a small round dark reddish-brown spot just above those fingers (or ribs). The size of a dime. smooth (undetected to my fingertips), visible by its color alone. I thought about this spot. Whenever I'm with somebody else's body, I look for the oracle place and when I find it, sure enough I find just above it that freckle, the spot. When I went online and looked up 'oracle spot' I found it right away, *Macula veritatis*, the 'stain of truth'. Evidently it is linked to the oracular structure in some way the researchers are not clear about yet. But it is always located seventeen degrees (taking the body as a sphere) above the proximal edge of the oracle bones. From its infallible appearance near the truth place, some scientists reason that all answers are already contained within that spot (as all numbers are contained in the very concept 'number'). There the answers are present, waiting only for the need or wit of the querent to release them.

28 October 2011

= = = = =

Ice melts, slips off the eaves.
As last night snow was, now rain/
“We know our names”
we have nothing else.
A pot of cream
to rub between our hands.

28 October 2011

